

no. 1



ALDEBARAN  
REVIEW

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# לבר'ים

first time doing this is different,  
blind & enlightening. reaching around  
for something you're not sure about.

god knows what prayers this child needs entering the world.  
next issue will include reviews; we wanted to put that off,  
not to come on with a manifesto

the world needs many things besides poetry; people  
are starving

also we want artwork & are open to prose, plays, etc.,  
scenarios for street theatre and so on

began to read poetry differently the last few months,  
you have to like something enough to type it, maybe several  
times, hook it on the machine & watch it come off 500 times!  
then collate & staple. Alta rebelled against typing one poem  
the fifth time after it had been fuckedup in the machine

in a tent at eilat, israel, stoned last year i told  
a young marxist that as a poet i wanted to be a revolutionary  
priest. okay, he said, only mostly priest.

there are poets of death & life, yes, and there are  
some who aren't. What does it have to do with how they live,  
what they write about? well --

potts stated for litmus that 'no english teachers  
need apply' there are none in this issue but we keep a  
fairly open mind.

there are good poets around & i respect them, some of  
them; only one though who sold out neither to god beauty  
money nor the muse is dead. what can you say? Jack Spicer  
siddhartha; no one needs to become, or to acquire,  
a disciple.

like poems mainly that don't apologize for themselves,  
or fake it. whatever surface or subject, make their own  
reality & alter the universe for everybody. there are some  
poems like that in this issue.

great thanks to the cooperation & assistance of Robert  
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eventually learned how to use.

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loaning us wheels when necessary.

CONTRIBUTIONS should be sent to the editor, aldebaran  
review, 2935 grove st., berkeley, cal. 94703. anything sent  
without stamped selfaddressed envelope will be ceremonially  
burnt on friday evening.

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also editors

babysitters

baby

john oliver simon

patricia parker, murray schwartz, alta

reba, jeanne, rachel, shiela, lenore, etc

lorelei

excerpts from JAPANESE THOUGHTS OF AN AMERICAN POET

\*  
in wet asphalt  
rice stalks waving.  
where am i?

\*  
first rains---  
neon fireflies  
beside a black river--

\*  
smell of wet wool:  
bears disguised as overcoats--

\*  
heavy trucks, now—  
mammoths frozen in glaciers

\*  
to peel an apple—  
a store full of knives and swords!  
ah, well—

\*  
corn is ripe somewhere—  
a warehouse of scarecrows?  
soup after prayers.

\*  
piece of matting tossed out  
catches the sun—  
Edo?

\*  
the poem must be done  
just right—  
no one will notice—

\*  
record going around,  
room full of music—  
I have forgotten the needle!

\*  
giving poems  
away  
disguised as political pamphlets.

\*  
my hands still curve like breasts—  
36 years! nothing changes!

The power of darkness equals the power of light,  
the flight of the wings making a dark rushing,  
the speed of which was the sound of Einstein thinking,  
with his soft eyes, Jewish, and strange mind  
which went straight to the sky,  
through it out to the outermost --- inmost the skin of the  
circle  
sloughing around in his slippers, the old man in his bedroom,  
his study, his classroom: all rooms were one  
room, the space of his mind; the deep darkness  
through which the birds of his mind made their thought,  
The power of thought equals the power of darkness  
equals the power of light.

If there were another world: orange skies and  
purple flowers; tall languorous women  
waiting behind the bouganvillias, each with her own dark voice  
to send those low calls toward the night;

and huge birds, bigger than ponies,  
soaring through the crimson skies; with bloodstone plumage  
and shadowy wings making windstorms as they passed,

and a soft succulent silence,  
and the low drifting calls of tall women,  
waiting behind the lattices; and piles of oranges in the  
streetstalls, piled higher than the houses,  
mangoes, melons, pineapples; all the sweet clear acid orange;  
and coconuts; and rich dark beer;

canaries, mockingbirds and parrots jangling in the patio;  
caged flash of crimson or dark green; the jangling cries; and  
several suns setting all at once: violet ones and pale green;  
and then the honeysuckle dusk and women  
waiting, face in hand, behind the opened doors.

IDIOMS

If the object were the only natural image,  
then to live in . . . squalor, questions, of washed laundry,  
books, poems,

if a man were more than the sum of his writing,  
then wrong nose, falsity, no further clarity . . .

leading against the door,

there are no friends;

the intersections were lost;

good; boots; the falling air;  
nothing really tells of night's illusion,

the hotels where the footfalls  
down the corridors of fly-stained glare,  
pots, squalor, the chambermaid  
enters, unknown to the audience,  
sits on the bed and rolls down her stockings,  
unknown to herself, kisses and pulls  
the hair of the transient hobo-  
self-named writer- great orator - competitor with Celine;  
this is FRENCH WEST  
if you've a tendency to forget yourself:  
this is not the best dream,  
but the faucet's leaking and it's time . .

The meaning stands aside like a web or an awning,  
bored with itself; all this is expressed in  
"Tantric rondelle."

PARA OLGA

ox carts  
huge wooden wheels  
turn  
    but not smoothly

jerking the cart along  
the hiway  
blonde animals pull  
with their foreheads  
yoked together  
a team of primary love  
animals and transportation  
the cart man lumbers  
alongside  
    the mercedes-benz

busses  
a diesel practical way to jump  
time blocks in  
el salvador  
much is moving  
to an older beat  
the circle of love closes  
a rectangular field of cotton pickers  
hand pulled fibre  
a generous ground  
and wire retainers  
at sundown

the negro boy stuffing  
a gunny sack  
up the rite of way  
stooped  
    as a gleaner

the weeds along the road  
bearing as much lost cotton  
as the field held naturally  
blown off of trucks  
and careless allotments  
he gleans in the evening  
a hungry smile and his nimble  
fingers gather the growth  
trans  
    planted there

is no sound but the vibes  
from the field hands  
picking their way towards  
nite

\*  
a ten year old girl tried to sell me  
an armadillo

                    running alongside  
the car in the hills out of taxco  
the armadillos feet  
trussed up with string  
she pleads

                    viente      veinte

her ragged eyes on the pesos  
the armadillo was not  
struggling

                    but hung by the string  
and swayed back and forth  
in the bargain

\*  
candied mangoes  
rellenos and black  
                    beans

the pension galinda  
and the guide who spoke english  
bringing the frumpy tourist ladies  
from guatemala out  
to market day at

                    chichicastenango

rapped with me  
about the revolution  
karl

                    the latvian old revolutionary

and me neophytic  
listened at the sense he made  
of the fires

                    on the plain from the hiway

we thot they were cleaning land  
by burning            montenegro had promised  
to burn the country  
running as he was against  
two generals from

                    humble oil  
got a majority in the election

and ive since lost track of  
their politics

                    finca

smoldering the hungry indians  
the dead green berets  
like an abstruse variety of  
imported parrots  
determined to prevent  
the people from  
minding their own business  
its tuff to dance  
to marimba music  
if u have as little rhythm left  
as the u s tourists  
that eisenhower saved the country for  
from communism  
one decade ago

\*

theyre dancing in the market at antigua  
the ruins beneath the hand woven blouses  
brown nipples of the early  
flesh age

brown lips of the babies

hungry grin  
chemical terror of not enuf tortillas  
bound by chords in their mothers womb  
from the lean dark penises  
of their father land balls to beat down  
the roman cathedrals and texaco rest rooms  
into a shimmering sheet of flesh is  
flesh business  
neither sold nor stolen

from contract to title  
but come free to  
spread legs and regard  
fuck or fall back  
i love you

\*

take each others arm in arm  
the old place where the prostitutes  
tits begin  
along the rib cage  
under the arm  
our organs trapped  
the music does not want to die  
her husky voice ran chills  
up my back  
and up and back on my prick

i said let me sleep with u  
my friend has gone  
we had only together to stay  
ive forgotten yr name  
but yr fucking brown knees  
deep voice

and goodbye

my word the english  
we both knew what it meant  
u said it i left

what little we have left

to prostitute

on the left

is a staggering brown acreage  
left in the skin trade  
out of their minds  
brown babies brown balls  
cotton pickers guides  
labia majorica

pussy has made

us all free

by birth

we claim it

man womban

organ music  
let the spirit  
lift up yr clothes  
and come dancing

THE ORACLE OF METH

thru the looking glass with ben hiatt  
had put  
the mirror off my dresser  
on the floor  
to get a reflection  
of an impromptu lite sho  
tied the lantern to the lite string  
and tried to step  
thru the mirror  
it looked so deep to him  
and i came home stoned  
chased everybody out  
of my apartment

broken mirror  
the song sang  
love  
for victor charlie  
name we gave to a catfish  
cot by broken mirror hiatt  
and thru into the car trunk  
all nite  
and then put in the sink  
it lived that way for days  
and we took it to the fountain  
at EOC  
put it in the water  
and the chemicals killed  
it swammed strats for a while  
then did a few didos  
and went  
belly up

we all went swimming later  
in the fountain tho  
none of us died  
but we were not under the water

under the influence of  
2 cases of beer  
3 half gallons of marko pete  
and 95 capsules of  
methedrine

split 5 ways  
to rap all nite  
coming down all over  
the next week  
each  
at his own  
speed

in the seminar tot by  
famous visiting poet  
i'll not mention the name of

he had given us permission  
to enter without paying  
the 45 dollar  
registration fee

and evil eye flegul  
from the business office  
kept after broken mirror  
supply and demand  
exceedingly uncomfortable  
bringdown

for ron bayes to come back to  
bill dodds fuckups  
and expect congratulations  
for being able to obtain  
paul engle for 300 dollars  
one nite stand  
at ars poetica  
to read his poems  
flex his mussels  
same kind of stud fee  
clam bake  
poetry can be fun

the busy politician  
protecting his investment  
in the elk club  
didnt know how to go out  
with style

under the mountain  
afraid of the water  
in the la grande valley  
grande ronde river  
i rapped all nite across the rocks of  
5 track mind  
hi on methedrine and etc

grande ronde valley  
grand round valley  
valley of fatigue  
ground round  
valley of the great  
circle  
jerk

EIGHT POEMS

\*  
For three months I debated,  
acorn, walnut,  
butter brickle.  
When I discovered it was my mothers nip  
I was already in the womb.

\*  
one said the balls,  
one said the heart,  
one said the top of the head;  
three weeks in New York  
and those bastards finished me off.

\*  
things form in lopsided ways,  
falling off at random;  
but to the wriggle of the heart  
close in  
there things form  
to places where the only thought is  
God  
thank you  
thank you;  
(a) flogwea vloaaominf doerh in pwedwxr symmetry,  
places dark and secret in the middle.

(three months later  
he begged me to shut up.  
Was I giving the poor fellow an ear-ache)

\*  
'Farewell to Opera-Buffer past'  
Who in the history of opera  
would sit through this thing  
rather than go out to look for a fuck?

(a) trans.: "flowers blossoming forth in perfect symmetry"

\*  
The questions still waiting upon me,  
time folded to a pin within the heart.  
Could all the answers be worth  
that grain of acorn flesh?  
Ah, I said I would rather be a poet than a saint,  
when I still thought I wrote my poems.

\*  
One may slip and slide  
when tied to the tendrils of the heart,  
in the glass ball,  
every step attains a perfect landing.

\*  
For an instant, flat space lied behind your eyes,  
the flame glared in its own face,  
pure illumination,  
Now you're gone.  
What have I left to pledge my love to?  
Blank space streaked with silver,  
Soft sand lines washed out at the sea.

I fall lower.  
A glass ball on a fine string of wire  
would scatter to the elements from which it started.  
Gyres and circling cones  
call me to abandon myself of the earth,

Everything grinding to its halt,  
your image comes in slow frames,  
My heart would flow away and melt in the sun.  
The flower in your hair is tied to my heart,  
Your fingers reach longer than the suns,

\*  
every scene set to be played,  
the setting and the stage  
put there by some old man  
with dark widespread arms  
who swings me deeper and deeper within the earth.

from Poems written out of William Carlos Williams

1. 'All men by their nature give praise.  
It is all  
they can do.'  
from 'The Gift'

Now we have started  
to come back,

the fast is longing,  
the light of cast foreshadows all else.  
We are bent upon it, upon the way.

There isn't enough light until we bring ourselves  
Say it only once, that you may know.

Still

There isn't enough light until we bring ourselves

For caught up in the wind,

we stand before,  
we have knelt that way

And

There isn't enough light until we bring ourselves.

Oct 25 1966

2. 'That which we have suffered  
was for us  
to suffer.'

From 'For Eleanor and Bill Monahan'

Now sit in the sunken stairwell,  
rejoining there.

There is only the real physical cold  
for the moment, to gather you there.

It is for every time you knew before,  
that this matters,

The plain sun will hold enough  
of tomorrow.

But for you, there is no place  
to refuge from.

Only the moment is cold enough,  
for the warmth to survive in it,

We have lost most of,  
Yet all is again for that moment of cold.

Oct 25 1966

3. as I say,                                It is,  
                        a flower                                incredibly resilient  
under attack!                                Neglect it                                and it will grow into a tree.

From 'The Pink Locust'

But if you come up to it,  
even if you tend it with  
love and care, it will  
still grow into a tree,  
a jungle, a hive,  
and your hand near upon it  
will not be the same forth.  
There is no recourse to love,  
for all you do will  
thrive in you in that same way,  
and what you put out,  
will grow round you,  
and the wind will at last  
whistle your lips.

Oct 25 1966

4.    'Just as the nature of briars  
          is to tear flesh,  
                                I have proceeded  
through them, '

From 'The Ivy Crown'

To Ruth

Now we stopped looking  
to be excused. You  
have said it.

You who shrug  
the flesh, for  
all it's worth.

Woman? stroked  
to a fine  
cross-hatched plan.

The guts of it!  
to take each  
thread and loose it.

I can take  
the grabbing vines  
and slapping branches.

But this!  
I can take  
that too.

Oct 25 1966

A HUNDRED VOICES  
AT ONCE

You hear this calling, A bird  
again and again.

Again and again, What sign  
can I give to myself?

What is the night, to such  
a calling bird?

Again and again, I ask  
to speak only to myself.

You hear this calling, A bird  
again and again.

Again and again, Now I  
listen to be hearing.

Again and again, The voice  
falls off of me, found dumb.

You hear this calling, You hear  
this calling, Again and again.

Again and again, I have  
lost my voice, for want of myself.

You hear this calling, A bird  
again and again.

Sept 28 1966

CHILD

Write me a humming song  
Smooth my bed  
And leave me,  
I dream in mirrored pink  
My hand between my legs.

LORETTA'S MONDAY

She glides  
In grey and worn red  
Alone in her height and  
With her silence  
Untouched  
Touching me,  
So old in her smile,  
Defined for years by  
A confectionary fall  
By the open wound now  
Of a sister  
Her world  
Where I have separated bangs  
And my name is Judy.

RE-ENTRY

I get the feeling that he's very high.

I get the feeling that he's coming down

slowly. I see him float

into the forest. His study

surrounds him. I see clear pine trees

pierce his glass-like palace.

His form bent over

a manuscript;

his mind,

bent over a pencil.

I hear the parachute

but never see it fall.

YELLOW JAUNDICE

at the 8th level of the diet  
he started becoming more attuned towards  
revolutionary cosmic vibrations...

- "it looks like his beard's  
slipped a bit."

they found him  
full lotus on a hillside. been dead  
two weeks. this is factual. much debate  
has revolved around other possibilities. has he  
liberated himself, starved to death?  
will he be able  
to find his body  
now that they moved it?

the possibilities are limitless.  
each paragraph refers to a different person.  
each person is a different paragraph.

- "i never understood  
about changing names. you don't  
lose yourself. you  
find yourself."

learn it. forget  
it. go on to new things.

Hepatitis. your bad news  
has entered my house, with its "Crime & Punishment"  
psychology. we thought  
to boil you out with our  
hot water, not  
hot enough it couldn't find you  
lurking in the corners of needles,  
hiding under a lump in someone's veins.

you may poison blood  
but breast milk flows free  
of your yellow paint.

ALCHEMY.

The Spirit of Rebellion? Old maps  
chart the boundaries,  
the finger tracings  
of a blind man,  
Wisdom attained  
in the accumulation  
of trivia.

"You're trapped  
in a prison  
of your  
own devise"  
--The Doors;

even while the eyes  
of the dreamers  
have been going blind,  
of perception  
have been opening

The men sit in a circle  
smoking the pipe  
the yellow plaster walls  
crumbling,  
Out The Door  
Hangs A Tapestry,  
A woven cloak  
we wear about  
our eyes/

STILL LIFE

Well,  
he owed the cat \$400  
so he lent him his car  
to go up to Sacramento  
for some big acid deal  
& the guy would forget  
the money. But,  
four days later  
he found the car in San Francisco  
front end smashed in.  
1965 red cadillac--  
& he told me  
while helping me to carry  
the groceries to the house  
that the sad part was  
the guy never called him.

"I'm just some funky beatnik,  
can't pay out \$2,200  
to have my car fixed" he said  
driving away in the beat up pontiac.

& he has about 4 more cars  
too.

TWO POEMS to my grandmother Molly Halford  
(1883-1967)

I never saw you  
    Young and trembling  
In Arkansas stooped  
    Over sharecropperlike  
Making buttermilk for  
    Your fierce husband  
But I loved you deeply  
    In the squalor of  
Northern California  
    When you were old  
And full of Jesus...

\*

O that you came out of the womb  
Of Christ and they knew it not!

O that you loved them and they  
Returned it in full measure with grief!

O that you were glorious and they  
Saw you as old and wrinkled!

O that this time you were my grand-  
Mother and not my lover!

O that I should seek you out in  
Future incarnations again and again!

O beautiful Molly Halford, Molly Halford!

Yield to the rhythms  
of living

Lowell and I ate  
fresh salad on my  
porch

high enough to not  
miss sundown

my next door neighbor  
takes in sun

naked on the porch  
we share

she asks does she  
offend me

and Leslie sent me  
shells and driftwood in a  
little box from Chicago

yield to the spin I  
had today in an old  
barber chair

and didn't get dizzy  
when Tom helped me  
dismount

Yield to time  
and the wrinkles  
Crinkling under me  
eyes

smile lines they're  
called and

Yield to people who're  
people in stores in  
offices, open air, hot dog  
stands, street and my  
house framed & belittled  
though they are  
by heavy concrete buildings  
or tight suits  
with patience get them to  
Yield to me and  
step outside.

TO BOB

WE HAVE LOST THE LAND  
OR  
HAVE BECOME SEPARATED  
FROM OURSELVES  
AS GRASS PULLED FROM  
ITS SHAFT  
WE STAND WITH NO MEANING  
IN SPACES  
THE OPENED GROUND IS AS  
STRANGE AS THE OPENINGS  
BETWEEN OUR FINGERS.

SUSAN SKYBORNE

                  "some gusts of wind &  
                  sound last night,  
                  sweeping through the house.  
we laid  
waste to the skies;  
                  exhausted by these  
flights,  
                  watching these attempts  
                  (soar down),  
I felt  
                  myself aging, but come to  
myself--  
                  there I am, talking another  
                  language;  
again  
                  the men with their local  
                  categories,  
                  labeling each other  
                  with crayons,  
                  paintbrushes,  
                  erasers, knives;  
                  a tatoo-parlor  
                  --walking past  
                  drunk on stars & night wind,  
he smeared himself with the childhood  
of fantasy  
                  &  
                  the coming  
                  of the  
                  spring seasons.  
the green blood runs across the ground  
as the fantasy  
of life  
floods  
through his fingers;  
                  lights crop out  
                  from rocks in his dreams.  
she says:  
                  "come to me whistling.  
                  he answers:  
seven years ago I was alone  
on an empty field. it was  
after I was sick,  
                  still weak from the fever.  
the animals came up to me  
and  
we all drank from the same pools.  
                  the dream stopped there.

he looked back at  
the  
dying, final pieces of sunshine  
breaking across the ocean,  
and  
thought out loud:  
why does this all  
go back into itself?  
the strangers all  
turned and looked back:  
the dream went on.  
food gathered on a table,  
slung from the ceiling,  
the party went on & on  
beside these columns of light  
the children kept singing  
while the papers blew  
across the broken walks,  
the fading, slanted windows.

it stopped.

"turn it over!

no,  
there aren't any more.  
(they slid down, lying on the  
sand.

I am still singing  
(whatever the purpose.  
but it is  
not  
enough.  
(decoration

the pools bubble over, water  
running across the ground, the grass  
as green as life, flowers  
grow randomly, each color intensely  
personal,  
the rocks, the olive trees are all extreme.  
he lies on the flowers,  
walks over the fence,  
comes to the abandoned  
building by the sea & sees the boy and the older  
woman laughing and playing in and  
out of the building, they are going to  
make love;  
he leaves, walks back, through the  
flowers and mud and light and  
green green grass, picking  
some flowers to take  
his wife.

Larry Eigner

#76 Mrch 8 67

G o d b y e s

whiles

the poem, a small  
and common  
thing

we're living it up  
in the quiet snow

#82 Apr 2 67

the man in the street so  
many disturbed

persons

in married life

that bird there, it's a gull?

the boys are  
mimicking it

#140 Oct 28 67

S. Thomas More said

Tarry while I  
put aside my beard it

has not committed treason

canonized 1935

up at the City Gates  
the dreamer's face  
invisible

UNTITLED: THE MAZE

(for Hilary and other reasons)

you gave  
me a tree frog  
that far day  
and daisies  
bright suns beneath your face

where are they now  
the colours  
the penetration  
of scent  
and the pulse

unbroken  
they escape my  
hand in such light as  
day affords  
going into winter  
moved from my room

ghosts to shadow desire's  
pale steps  
                  shades  
with no coin for the crossing  
carry longing in forms  
elusive as sound  
                                  and without you  
I have no clasp to take  
them again to myself

I dreamed a collage  
flowers made of  
opaque curving into one  
another colour and texture  
I had never seen

when I placed them they moved  
sighed  
as things will move and sigh  
in dreams  
going somewhere soft

presently with pattern  
the almost shadow  
faded me wakening still to

the light over the desk  
coffee and book and pen  
into place for a time

and my arms numb  
with weight of my head  
and my head numb  
with desire for the dream  
chanted

again dream come again true rest a while  
with me

\*

thin as voices in the telephone  
the vision is not ready  
to meet me

and I touch  
the pages here lightly  
asking their honesty  
as pages

will I be blind  
in this the last poem

(do not answer)

discover me coming anew  
risen in seeking  
and anxious for God  
soul's night dark beautiful  
drift with you clasped in the spectrum  
of the Spirit breathing where he will

awake me free give me  
again my flowers  
and day lying at the side  
of eternity

DRAGON OF SPACE

In the room farther away  
than a window  
I am alone  
taken of myself  
    cross-steps  
reach the other  
side is all I must  
and I am alone  
to dissolve rocks under  
my naked eyes  
cornered aslant  
this wall huge with sleep  
feeds on dark air  
and I am alone  
how still the mouth  
    of desire  
tasting the prisoned slow  
light more slowly twined  
with breathing  
fevers that other body  
and I am alone  
if I turn away turn  
through the knitted door  
I shall fall into the deep  
the black-longing fire  
but I do not move  
and I am alone



"THIS MOONLIGHT MEANS NOTHING TO THE SOLDIERS CAMPED  
IN THE WESTERN DESERTS"

--Tu Fu, trans. Rexroth.

old moon rising in Leo  
the bones of ten thousand kings  
litter the highway.

when we walked by the sea  
sand, green water, snow  
on the dunes "what's the use of--"  
your head now in my  
lap, the car sways  
through the Milky Way

I'm lying soaked on the earth  
with the moon  
around me, tickling  
my fingers. circle within circle

everyone asleep, the hills  
pass. I smoke, the jug  
half-empty, at this moment  
how to tell that bombs are  
opening the skin of girls like you asleep

so long to ride, you better fold your wings over  
your head. white bones  
under the turnpike

PROVINCETOWN TO NEW YORK  
VIA CONNECTICUT TURNPIKE, 3 A.M.

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followed creek upstream  
till lost in stones

wait in a dark  
cloak

for ride

east.

road goes up in brown hills

ten thousand men  
walk in the gardens of the prophet

no cars  
white & black goats in shallow wash  
mountains move far away

SUDWESTHAFEN, HAMBURG

1. "amo el amor de los Marineros"  
Neruda poem  
    given me in Israel
2. strange to  
walk on the earth, whales  
beneath it  
steps touch an inner sound
3. dark rust concrete, tabby leans and  
scratches  
herself/ a changing wonderful map of the world  
black gray fur, new moon back of  
3-ton blind cranes
4. sailors loving on the Reeperbahn  
saying basca, perkkiili.
5. wander into back dreams  
under an empty road west  
when I speak Jewish languages the dead say  
du bist ein goy
6. & can't be extricated from  
flowers, underwater  
cold, smudgy, paper  
my face
7. cathedral serration  
wicked sword  
to put in a woman  
  
I took peace from someone underground
8. sailors  
come home, saying  
    devilshit.

RED SEA SHABBAT

I'm a narrowed  
nerve, bone on a vine/ taste sea in my mouth  
when I dive under watch shadow blur & the rocks  
speak of my houses  
tile archway over courtyard  
open to you/ blue patterns and sun again

Yemeni Jews at Eilat looking for shells  
white and  
purple shells, it's shabbat  
tonight they will eat with candles

may our roads pass between the dark mouths.

I'm gone in myself,  
rock  
shelf across in yellow canyon  
line the sea  
forms & touches & makes again  
in a dance  
I feel my own skin  
it is enough  
that all men are brothers  
the sun opens me as your fingers  
will.

hawks wait high  
up without motion  
for man or animal dead in the hills

the sea talks  
the birds come  
watersnakes hide under the rocks

in the wadi later on  
we'll build a house  
and I can feel your fingers.

may our roads reach,  
may our roads be fulfilled,



*photograph by Rob Keyson*

# חברים

EILEEN ADAMS /23/ poems in Perspectives, Illuminations, 1966 Peace & Gladness anthology/ these poems from two notebooks

scrawled last spring/ 2739 ellsworth, berkeley, cal.

MICHAEL ATTIE /24/ first published work/"fragile flowers nude to the world, sapling in its first spring"/ 2739 ellsworth, berkeley, cal.

GAIL DUSENBERRY /28/ THE MARK, book pub. by Oyez 1967; also in Peace & Gladness, Poetry (Chicago), 1968 War Resisters League calendar; edits San Francisco Earthquake with Jacob Herman/ 521 park way, mill valley, cal.

LARRY EIGNER /44/ 1960 Allen anthology, etc etc/ 'if only one or even quite a few of these mag.s cd be a means in communication with people at hand, thing wdnt be so flighty. Well, the conceivable, impossible or not, sticks with you, in the imagination."/ 23 bates rd., swampscott, mass.

GENE FOWLER /36/ books, FIELD STUDIES, also SHAMAN SONGS; also in Peace & Gladness; book length things in progress; now looking for apt. in Berkeley to survive the winter.

J. DOUGLAS HALFORD /25/ first published work/ an instructive education in various institutions, marriage, later sojourn in the Haight; now waiting to go east & join the revolution/ 834 delaware, berkeley, cal.

SUSAN MAGDALENA HILL /23/ student, poems in Chabot College mag./ 1217 pearson, san leandro, cal.

SISTER MARY NORBERT KORTE, O.P. /33/ member of the Dominican Order/ HYMN TO THE GENTLE SUN (1967); also Peace & Gladness, 1968 WRL calendar/ "you give me your greeting And I find this winter day in your eyes the Sabbath is every day Shalom, Shalom"/ 2475 pine, san francisco, cal.

RICHARD KRECH /21/ edits Avalanche; books; WE ARE ON THE VERGE OF ECSTASY, HOW EASILY YOUR MIND CAN SLIP OFF. To be included in anthology edited by darrell of pasadena; has sponsored open readings at Shakespeare & Co. in Berkeley for 2 yrs/ 2315a russell, berkeley, cal.

DOUG PALMER /26/ arrested in s.f. writing street poetry 1965; edited Peace & Gladness with Tove Neville; fifth book, MOON SERVICES, due shortly; last two were MARGARET'S EXPERIENCES and BASTA/ 2629 etna, berkeley, cal.

CHARLES POTTS /24/ edited Litmus/ "the prison where- in my spirit lives could only be recognized as human baffling smile long legs ... the spirit is free the prison needs daily care i take possession of charlies body the shell i picked up with 6 hairy legs to go wherever"/ in Mexico now. His book BURNING SNAKE can be ordered from Carlos Reyes, Wine Press, 6191 S.W. Capital Highway, Portland, Ore.

JOHN OLIVER SIMON /25/ ROADS TO DAWN LAKE due in March from Oyez; also in Peace & Gladness, Avalanche, etc. last winter in europe & middle east/ between voyages with family at 2935 grove #3, berkeley, cal.

TOM TAYLOR /works in Berk. post office w/ Eileen Adams, John Simon/ first published work, I think/ 2309 parker, berkeley, cal.

TH' OR B'ITI ROB KEYSTON whose photo appears on the preceding page but one, attends Laney College, works as a welder and is building a boat which will carry him and wife Wendy across far seas/ 2439 mckinley, berkeley, cal.

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